



THE NEWSLETTER OF THE BLUEGRASS CYCLING CLUB

OUTSPOKEN

Volume 32 — November-December 2003 — Number 6

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Presidential Message

Clarissa Spawn

Annual business meeting and club banquet November 16

The annual business meeting and banquet of the BCC will be held on Sunday, November 16, from 5:30-9:30 p.m. The location is the same one we've had for the last two years: Hilton Suites at Lexington Green, 245 Lexington Green Circle.

The dinner buffet will be served at 6:45 and the cost is \$15.00 per person, payable at the door. Prior to dinner, guests can mingle and buy beverages at Chukker's. During that time period, Kenzie Nelson, Lexington's bike and pedestrian coordinator, will provide information about the city's latest transportation plan. She's hoping that club members will fill out comment sheets about the plan. The business meeting and awards ceremony will begin after 7:45.

Please RSVP as soon as possible to Clarissa Spawn, tandembcc@alltel.net or 859 269-4977 (leave a message). Thanks very much and hope to see you there.

BCC business

Please complete and submit the enclosed ballot for the election of 2004 officers.

The first meeting of the club officers and the board of

directors was held at my house on October 6. The purpose of the meeting was to introduce the new board of directors, announce and seek approval of the nominees for 2004, discuss ideas to improve club participation and services in 2004, discuss the charitable ride policy proposal for 2004 (final version will appear on the web site), and discuss the new sponsorship proposal for the women's racing team. All ten meeting participants agreed that winter rides would not be considered part of the official BCC ride schedule, but may be reconsidered next year.

Per our constitution, the board of directors was created from the chairperson of each new committee, created prior to the meeting. The following committee members have graciously volunteered their time for the betterment of the club:

Ride Schedule Committee

Statistician/Chairperson - compile mileage data for official BCC rides: Angela Beal

Coördinator - create the final schedule to be included on the Web site and in the newsletter: Sam Conder

Scheduler - schedule weekend and weeknight rides for the non-Lexington area: Alan Mullins

Scheduler - schedule weeknight rides for Lexington area: David Earle, Mark Medley

Scheduler - schedule weekend rides for Lexington area: Joyce Fogelman, Jennifer Redmond, Doug Wagner

Scheduler - tandem rides: TBD.

Entertainment Committee

The purpose of this committee is to 1) work with the officers and BOD to develop and schedule club social events and business meetings, and 2) do the leg-work required to make the events "happen." This excludes the

Horsey Hundred and related meetings.

Membership: TBD.

Touring Committee

Tourists/Chairperson - initial contact for questions about cycling in the Bluegrass area and directs questions to the appropriate club member: Bill Fortune

Maps - coördinate the creation of an online map repository:
Sam Conder

New Riders - helps new riders feel comfortable attending club rides: TBD

Gofers - Validate maps and cue sheets: Dixie Moore,
Clarissa Spawn

Information Committee

The purpose of this committee is to increase availability of information about the club, local routes, ride schedules, etc. found on the Web site and in the newsletter.

Coördinator/Chairperson - Coordinate efforts to provide the most information, in the most easily accessible way, at the lowest cost: Sam Conder

Web site: Dave Elbon

Newsletter/Racing Site: Woodson Smith

Horsey Hundred

Chairperson/Coordinator: Bill Daniels

Volunteers: Brian Pelletier

Other members: TBD

Racing Committee

Chairperson/Women racing: Marilyn Hartman

Men racing: TBD

Men racing - non-BCC team: Royden Kern

Advisor/Coach: Fred Steinbrecher

Others: TBD

Community Contact Committee

Charity Rides/Chairperson - contact for sponsorship of charitable rides: Byron Bell

Business Partners - help coordinate efforts between local businesses and BCC: TBD

KRTC - help coordinate efforts between KY Rails to Trails and BCC: Dixie Moore

SAFE kids - help coordinate efforts between the SAFE kids program and BCC: Clarissa Spawn

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Bluegrass Cycling Club

OFFICERS

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Red River Rally David Earle

Statistician Jason Kazee jasonfkazee@hotmail.com

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The Bluegrass Cycling Club is affiliated with the League of American Bicyclists, the United States Cycling Federation, the Rails to Trails Conservancy, the National Off-Road Bicycle Association, the Adventure Cycling Association, the International Mountain Bicycling Association and the Randonneurs Mondiaux.

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Christmas Party!

Nancy Moore

Melanie is taking a much deserved year off from hosting the party this year, so it will be at Nancy Moore's house in Peaks Mill, over near Frankfort, on Tuesday, December 16, at 6:00 p.m. Bring a dish to share and a \$15.00 biking or other related gift, wrapped up, for our great gift-grabbing game. Everybody goes home with something.

Directions later on the listserv, or call or e-mail 502 223-5164, nancy753@starband.net, 753 Sulphur Lick Road, Frankfort.

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Brush up on your mountain bike skills

The road season may be over, but if you're one of the many folks who enjoy mountain-biking in the cooler weather, now's the time to brush up on those rusty MTB technical skills. Danny Peake will give a MTB skills clinic at Capitol View Park in Frankfort at 12 noon on Sunday, November 16.

Some of the topics to be covered will include bunny-hopping, log-crossing, riding off-camber trails, cornering at speed, sailing through switchbacks, and climbing steep trails.

Meet in the lower parking lot (the one with the basketball court), and plan to ride for an hour or two after the clinic (weather and trail conditions permitting). All skill levels, novice to advanced, are welcome. Of course helmets are required.

Call Danny Peake at 502 696-0744 for more information.

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Paris-Brest-Paris 2003, part 1

Steve Royse

Johnny Bertrand, Steve Rice and I headed to the Gymnase des Droits de l'Homme at 8:15 p.m. Monday, Aug. 18, to get lined up for our 10 p.m. start of Paris-Brest-Paris, the largest, oldest amateur randonnée, with about 4,000 riders. We certainly missed and were saddened by the absence of Steve Wyatt, who had suffered heat-related problems and had to fly home early.

After a long wait in line, and after signing in, groups of about 500 started out. Steve Rice and I headed out at 10:35 p.m. and Johnny closer to 11 p.m. Despite the huge number of riders, we were able to proceed in a reasonably orderly fashion though the streets of San Quentin and on west toward Brest. The streets were lined with people applauding and yelling encouragement. As in 1999, I was impressed with the seemingly endless line of red taillights for miles into the distance. There is tremendous excitement in being part of this international crowd.

Unlike 1999, when I did not finish due delays caused by dehydration (and getting lost), I carried plenty of water and had no real problems overall - unlike Boston-Montreal-Boston last year when I had three, I had no flats.

Steve and I decided to ride 600 km to Brest before sleeping, and the hours passed quickly.

Johnny's Kentucky brevets prepare one quite adequately for the hills of France, and there really aren't any hills to compare to last years Goffs Corner to Annville and back on

the 600 km brevet. On PBP I think I used the triple a couple of times, just from tiredness, not for steepness. I didn't need it.

BCC and Cincinnati Cycle Club member Todd Williams rode fast, finishing in 55 hours and 58 minutes.* He left San Quentin in the 80 hour group at 8 p.m. Monday. We saw him in Carhaix, the last contrôle before Brest as he was on his return from Brest to Paris.

The route from Loudéac to Carhaix in the middle of the night was challenging because:

1. It was dark - but the Dynamo Hub generator I borrowed from Alex Meade and Clarissa Spawn had such excellent light that I really didn't need the three Cateye LEDs I brought with me for backup.
2. It was hilly and the hills seemed very long.
3. The road was rough - "chip and seal" and
4. There was a fair amount of traffic. There were huge trucks which had triple-decker headlights, and when they put those babies on high, high, high beam, it was startlingly bright.

I had not been aware before that bike headlights tend to be triangular and it made quite an impression to see clusters of triangular lights through the dark as cyclists rode towards Carhaix as we headed to Brest.

At some point, Steve Rice brought out the Vivarin. I was impressed by how well it worked I have long been a caffeine addict, but had pretty much been off caffeine for four months before PBP (I did take a cup of espresso with me and enjoyed it immensely before riding up Cobb Hill at 3 a.m. on 7/19/03 when Steve Rice and I did a 7 p.m. to 10 a.m. 178 mile trip to Irvine and back from Johnny's house).

How pleasant to remember the smiling faces of applauding people in one town square, where some people were

dancing around to the music of an accordion player. Around the bend and up the hill, a secret contrôle. Further along, an excellent roadside attraction - a French family was cooking sausages on a grill and serving them on baguettes, with coffee and wine or water.

It got colder as we approached Brest. I was pretty tired, and decided to rest by the side of the road outside of Sizun at the top of a hill. I thought Steve Rice had stopped, too, but realized that the rider of the bike with the Carradice bag who stopped in front of me was not Steve and did not speak English.

The grass was damp, so I looked around for a dry place to sleep, and found a gravel patch which was satisfactory; set the alarm for 30 minutes (5:05 a.m.).

When I awoke, I was so cold, I couldn't stop shivering. I already had my leg and arm warmers on and my nylon Pearl Izumi jacket - I put on all three bike jerseys I had with me, and all three pairs of bike shorts plus bike underwear - and for extra warmth, lined my arms and chest with the freezer storage bags all my stuff was dumped out of (so much for my careful organizing for weeks before the trip) - and prepared for a long long down hill ride to Brest. I was shivering so hard I could only go about 5 miles an hour for what seemed an eternity - but finally I warmed up. I found out later it had been 41 degrees.

What a thrill riding into Brest and seeing the ocean in the distance! Lovely morning. Down a big hill, across a pedestrian suspension bridge (wish I took more pictures). Arrived at the contrôle a bit after 8 a.m. - not a big crowd at the contrôle - I reserved a cot, searched for Steve Rice - he was not in the sleeping area (there were only 5 or 6 people in there) - I found him out on the lawn in front of the contrôle, sound asleep. I had to go back into the contrôle to find a pen and paper to write him a note saying I was going to sleep until noon. I had breakfast, took a hot shower and finally reclined at 9 a.m. only to be awaked at 10:30 a.m. by water dripping on my forehead (by a smiling Steve Rice), and a photographer taking a flash photo of me being awakened! I had a good laugh.

Steve was always ready before me to depart. He headed on, and we met again in Carhaix. I greeted Johnny as he was heading toward Brest.

Johnny, completing his fifth PBP, had a great ride visiting with old friends - comfortable conversing in French or German. Everyone seemed to know him.

That night it was chilly again. Riding out Loudéac of Steve saved me by giving me his space blanket - he said he didn't want or need it - he suggested that I cut it up and use it for padding, but I draped it on like a poncho, and it was (too) warm. I later tore it into pieces and padded my jacket with it - I suspect this may have appalled him.

The next rest area was in Tinténéac - we arrived at 2:34 a. m. and there were no beds available. I was told to check again in 25 minutes. Steve took a shower, and I got food and when I returned, there were accommodations. It was a dorm-type room with two beds and a private shower (unfortunately the water was a bit cooler than tepid). I was soon joined by a French rider, Alain, who (no surprise) knew Johnny and had worked in Lexington at Lexmark in the past. Got up at 7 a.m. in a pitch-black room and had no idea where I was. I couldn't find the light switch, and I didn't want to wake Alain up, so I fumbled around and finally found the door, discovering on opening it that I was alone in the room.

Steve wanted a Paris-Brest pastry and we stopped at every bakery after Tinténéac to find one, finally finding one in Villaines.

I enjoyed Villaines - there was a carnival-like atmosphere - large crowds of spectators. There was loud music over loudspeakers, and around the block a small stage with singing groups. I wish I had had more time to enjoy their music.

The food wasn't great, but there was a massage area. I remembered that Gay Williams had said that in 1987 on

PBP she had had an experience not to be missed - they had rubbed something on her legs that felt great and "restorative," so I wanted that, too. My leg massage which was great and inquired about Gay's salve - a British masseuse told me that was an "embrocation" and they didn't have it. Steve had two massage therapists - he said one leg massage was good, but the other felt like the masseuse was "petting a dog."

Steve found a Paris-Brest around the corner from the contrôle. We met a charming British woman who had lived in Villaines for 8 years, and she asked for details about our trip. We talked about Mars being so big in the night sky - there is practically no light pollution in rural France - great views of the stars. I had to laugh when I remembered the previous night, Steve had asked me, "What is THAT!?", pointing off at a celestial object I was glad I knew was the moon. The waning crescent moon was magnified on the horizon - big, tilted, two tones of gold. Steve also said he had hallucinated an El Camino with Gremlins in it - but I didn't believe him.

We headed back from Fougères with a tail wind; a lovely ride up and down gentle hills in the afternoon sun, climbing the hill into Mortagne-au-Perche. Visited with Bill Bryant who was waiting for his wife Lois. Had a lunch in the bleachers of an athletic park with a great view. Lost my butt-pad! Don't ask.

Headed out at twilight - again with Team Loudéac, which I admired, but there was really very limited communication. After many hills, the road flattens out.

About 2:00 a.m., we stopped to rest in a public park in a small town and slept (?) for an hour before getting to Nogent-le-Roi. Again very chilly. I was glad for the shredded space blanket padding.

More roadside rest stops with water and instant lukewarm Nescafe coffee - Heartburn City.

Got stopped by the police for running a red light - they

looked like teenagers. I asked, "Am I going the wrong way?" They realized the futility and signaled me on.

I was pooped at this point - less than 20 miles from the finish, I missed my butt-pad. I was beginning to get a bit sore, but made a satisfactory pad out of my hand towel. I began to note a bit of numbness in the thumb, index, and middle finger tips of my left hand. I felt like I was really poking along on the way back to San Quentin. Once we arrived, there were 6 or so miles of loops through subdivisions and finally we arrived at the Gymnasium at 7:05 a.m. (80 Å hours). There were no cheering throngs to greet us - just a couple a people in bus stops who looked at us funny.

We signed in and went back to the Hotel Gril Campanile. Visited with Gay Williams, who had followed our progress on a computer near the Hotel. Steve had been wise to reserve a room for the previous night and he went to shower. My room would not be ready until noon - Steve let me shower in his room while he went to breakfast. I did laundry and finally was able to crash in my room, exhausted.

I'm looking forward to 2007!

* Final results are not posted, yet. Preliminary results show Todd was 111th out of the 4100. Probably the 5th American out of 489 - one of the first riders without a support crew. His time puts him in La Societé Charly Miller. There are only 22 people in that elite group.

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PBP 2003, part 2

Steve Rice

This past August, approximately 4,000 cyclists from all over the globe converged on a suburb of Paris for the 15th edition of Paris-Brest-Paris. In the world of endurance cycling, PBP is viewed as the premier event. There are longer events and physically tougher events, but none have the history and prestige of PBP.

I was extremely nervous and anxious in the days leading up to the start. My plan was to arrive in Paris on the Friday before the Monday night start. You are required to undergo a bicycle inspection on Sunday, and I had planned to go for a 40-50 mile ride on Saturday to get used to riding in France. As my plane touched down in Detroit, I was feeling good. I had talked Northwest out of charging me extra for my bike and had even upgraded myself to business class. This feeling of elation was soon replaced by a feeling of hopelessness. I had landed in Detroit 15 minutes after the August 15 blackout had begun. I hoped that the blackout would be short lived, but I ended staying in the Detroit airport for 25 hours. When we finally left Friday afternoon, we first flew to Memphis for water and food before traveling to Paris.

I had made arrangements for transportation from the airport to my hotel near the start, but I was now on my own to make it St. Quentin. I ran into rider from Colorado in the same situation as me. Fortunately, I had been to Paris before and was familiar with the train system. We headed off with our bike cases and luggage and without too much difficulty, we arrived in St. Quentin. This was our first

experience with the French population. Neither of us knew where our hotels were and had planned to take a taxi from the train station. Unfortunately, there were none available on Saturday afternoon. So in typical randonneur fashion, we began walking. In just a few minutes, a French man driving a small truck stopped and asked if we needed help. He knew where my hotel was and he sent me walking a few hundred meters down the road. My traveling companion loaded his bike and luggage in the truck and was quickly delivered to his hotel 8 km from town. This was just the beginning of a series of endless acts of kindness by the French.

Relieved to finally be at my hotel, I was greeted by fellow Mad Dog Stephen Royse and BCC members Johnny Bertrand, Steve Wyatt, and Gay Williams. I hurriedly reassembled my bike and was able to take it on a test ride as the sun set. Saturday night was when the nervousness began to take hold again. Would my bike pass inspection? Had I trained enough? All of these other people around me seem so much better prepared than me. Will I run out of water in the first segment? Will I get sick? Can I finish?

Sunday morning brought bike inspection and sign in. This was my first look at many of the non-American riders. I saw small groups of Italians and Danes that looked like they had been given a weeks vacation from their pro teams. This did not help my nervousness. When I finally reached the front of the inspection line, a smallish French inspectioneer attempted to remove everything except for the paint from my bike. He was displeased with the attachment of my Carradice, but he finally relented and gave me the coveted approval. In retrospect, I think that perhaps I was overly concerned. I did not hear of anybody failing the inspection. After quickly collecting my paperwork, I headed back to the hotel.

After a leisurely ride into Paris with Jeff Bauer, I began packing and repacking all of the items I was going to carry as well as place into a drop bag which I could access at about the 440 km and the 780 km points of the ride. I had planned to do very little on Monday since the ride did not start until 10:00 p.m. I found myself repacking multiple

times and making several trips to the mega-mart for last minute supplies. Then the dehydration fear took over again. I drank about four liters of water Monday afternoon and found creative ways to carry enough water to float a small boat. The first opportunity to get water is about 85 miles from the start. I'm not really used to riding centuries without stopping for water or food. So I think nervous was a bit of an understatement. I was petrified of becoming dehydrated in the first stage of the ride. I had my Camelbak with two liters, I had two one-liter water bottles in my cages. I had two half-liter bottles in my Carradice and another two half-liter bottles in my jersey. I figured that six liters of water should get me through. Once again, I was overly concerned; I used about two liters in the first night and dumped what I didn't need to get my load down to a manageable size.

Once the ride was underway, I was amazed at the crowds on the side of the road cheering us on. I am used to the typical American response from non-cyclists of "get off the road." The French shouts of "bon courage" and "bonne route" were energizing. It was a bit intimidating to be riding in peletons of 200 to 300 riders in the middle of the night on unfamiliar roads. Steve Royse and I eventually increased our speed and began bridging from one peleton to another. Every now and then I would hear the sounds of a crash behind us, but not wanting to be in the next crash, I remained focused on the riders and road ahead of me. As we neared the first checkpoint, I had begun riding with a German rider and had become separated from Steve. Even though our communication was limited, the German and I worked together well and the last few miles into Mortagne quickly passed.

Mortagne was my introduction to the food service at the controls. The food was prepared and served by volunteers who used this event as a way to supplement their club's coffers. Imagine a bake sale with pasta, mashed potatoes, yogurt, ham sandwiches, and plenty to drink. The food was good and it tasted better the longer I rode.

The beverages fascinated me. Not a drop of a sports drink to be found. The usual list consisted of water, Coke, Orangina, beer, and wine. The French and Germans were

drinking the wine and beer, while many Americans were opening small bags of powder and adding water. This is where I made my only bad decision of the ride. I opted for Orangina - a seemingly unobtrusive drink that tastes like carbonated watered down orange juice. The part that I was not aware of is that I believe Orangina contains about 70% concentrated sulfuric acid.

Riding into the second day is when I finally developed my rhythm. I had made copies of the route sheet and had planned to use the sheet as a means of occupying my mind during the ride. Looking for the next turn, calculating speeds and times in my head and converting from miles to kilometers and back are some of the things that I will do during long rides at home.

I rarely looked at the route sheet. The course was so well marked that it was not needed and there was so much happening that I didn't need to use it as a diversion. The second day was also when I learned how much the French enjoy this event and appreciate cyclists. Families would set up small sag stops on the side of the road. Need water? You could find someone waiting to supply it to you. You might also get a cr[^]pe or a bit of chocolate.

There was a house that Steve and I stopped at early Wednesday morning that I will always remember. It was about 2 a.m. and we were hungry and tired. We initially stopped to just get some water and to rest for a few minutes. Once we stopped, the residents of the house went to work. We received drinks immediately and then I had the tastiest sausage that I have ever eaten. There was a small grill setup cooking the sausages. Steve gave me one and then the homeowner cut a piece of a baguette for the sausage. The taste was unbelievable. It may have been the French version of an Oscar Meyer hotdog, but it will always remain the best sausage possible in my mind.

The next section was the most difficult for me. It involved climbing Roc Trevezel, the closest thing to a mountain in this part of France. Steve and I became separated in the night and it seemed that I would never reach the summit. I increased my speed and eventually made it to the top.

Descending the other side, I became very cold and began to feel ill. Stopping for a few minutes hoping that Steve would catch me only made matters worse. I continued on towards Brest by myself. Thirty three hours after I left Paris, I checked in at Brest. Still feeling sick, I found a dry spot near a tree and went to sleep. This was the only point in the ride that I felt like stopping. I had decided that I would only be eliminated by the clock. If I would stay at the control until I felt that I could ride again and if this put me past a time limit, my ride would be over.

In about two hours I awoke to find a note from Steve letting me know where he was. I managed to get a shower, quite possibly the hottest shower imaginable, and had a couple of ham sandwiches. I was feeling a little better, but not great. I woke Steve up and told him that I was going to start but that I would be riding slowly and he would probably catch me before the next control. Fifteen miles and another sandwich later, I was feeling good and didn't see Steve until the next control. It wasn't until after the ride, that I realized that it was the acidity of the Orangina that made me sick.

Even though I had over 300 miles left, I knew that I was going to make it at this point. It was here that I decided to really enjoy the ride back to Paris. I began to spend more time stopping to talk to the locals and the other riders. It seems that the English, and to some extent the Australians, have a knack at adding their own twists to the ride. One group of English were riding an old heavy triple bike. It was quite the sight to see them in their hats heading down the road like they were going to a picnic. Recumbents and recumbent tricycles seem to be very popular with the English as well.

Paul Rogue doesn't ride in PBP, but he is probably the most well known Frenchman to the riders of PBP. He resides on the PBP route and every four years he opens his garage and home to the riders of PBP. You can eat, sleep, or just chat when you stop. All Paul asks is that you add a pin to the map to indicate where you are from and that you send him a postcard when you return home. He has hundreds of postcards on display from previous editions of PBP. I must

have spent 20 minutes just inspecting his collection.

The final 15 km were the most mentally difficult of the entire ride. I was saddened by the knowledge that something I had focussed on for an entire year was coming to an end while at the same time I was elated that I was able to successfully complete the ride. Steve Royse and I finished the 760 miles together 80 hours and 35 minutes after we started. In retrospective, I feel that my training in Kentucky did an excellent job of preparing me for the hills of France. Johnny Bertrand's brevet series starting in Georgetown does an outstanding job of grooming riders for PBP. I can't wait to do it again in 2007!

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Good weather for Red River Rally!

David Earle

After four or five years of wet, cold, and/or iffy RRR weather, the law of averages finally prevailed and we were awarded a day with perfect cycling conditions. October 12 at Natural Bridge State Resort Park, and along the 38- and 65-mile cycling routes, was a partly cloudy day with temperatures in the mid 70s. Due to early frosts the fall colors were fairly brilliant, and at times the riders were showered with falling leaves.

We had 112 cyclists registered, of which only 19 accepted the challenge of the longer 65-mile hilly loop through Beattyville. As far as I know, there were no major mishaps on the rides - the only injury I heard of was a cyclist that ran off the pavement in Nada Tunnel and suffered a scratched knee. After first aid was administered by a crewmember with the Pioneer Amateur Radio Club, she continued to finish the 65-mile route. Both years I've captained this event we've had mishaps in the tunnel due to cyclists riding through it without lights. As a safety measure, I will suggest that from now on the 800-foot Nada Tunnel will be a mandatory walk-through (apologies to all racers!). The last riders to finish were a threesome that pulled into the Sky Lift parking lot at 3:40 p.m. after completing the long loop. Congratulations to them for sticking with it!

I would like to thank the volunteers that made this event possible. Mark Medley proved again that he is truly a grillmeister with the burgers and hot dogs; also appreciated is all his other help with various event preparations. Teresa

Davenport was excellent help with the "kitchen" and in many other ways at the picnic. Steve Royse and Bea Stringer marked the roads - and on event day manned the Sky Bridge rest stop to perfection along with Clay Royse. Clarissa Spawn and Bill Daniels helped with food purchasing. Angela Beall and Bill took care of registration. Stan Betsworth did T-shirt sales and murdered dozens of yellow jackets. Keith Batchelor and Jerry Johnson provided SAG service. Alex Meade and Clarissa drove a final sweep of the long route but didn't find anyone requiring assistance. Also, the Winchester Pioneer Amateur Radio Club helped with traffic control (and first aid) at Nada Tunnel and other tricky locations on the tour routes. Other folks pitched in when needed THANKS to all volunteers!

www.bgcycling.org/rrr

for links to 2003 RRR photo galleries.

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Copy Due Dates

Submissions for the Jan.-Feb. issue are due Dec. 1, 2003.

Submit copy to Woodson Smith, 224 W. 4th St., Frankfort, KY 40601, 502 418-4787, or jwsmith@plangraphics.com

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If You Move...

Let club secretary Herb Goff know your new address so you'll get your newsletter; they are not forwarded by the post office, and if BCC forwards them, it costs us extra postage.

Contact Herb via e-mail at: hgoffs@aol.com or send a change of address card to the club address: BCC, P.O. Box 1397, Lexington, KY 40588-1397.

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Racing Info

Check the [racing pages](#) on the BCC web site for up-to-date race information, schedules, and results. Also check out area racing at: www.ohiovalleyracing.org or www.truesport.com.

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